

# An Epitaphe vpon the death,

Maister Iohn Viron Preacher.

**T**hou soule whych on Christes brest, doest rest as Iohn loued,  
And corps whych art lyke hys also, wyth earth en Viron ed:  
full ioyfull mayst thou be, but we (alas) may wayle,  
Thy presence to forgo so soone, thy voyce so soone to fayle.  
But oh thy payne and toyle, in God thee prayse we shall,  
That thou ensample now mayst be, vnto thy fellowes all.  
Whych ceasedst not at moone, at noone, nor yet at nyght,  
To preache Gods woorde, to beate downe vyce, and to put synne to flyght.  
Thyne natie countrey thou, regardedst not a whyt,  
When God dyd call thee forth to preache, but out thou wentst wyth it.  
Whych when in thyne stowe tounge, thou mightst not preache in fraunce,  
Yet forth thou wentst, and by God led, to vs wast brought by chaunce.  
Where thou wyth paynfull watche, dydst learne our Englysh tounge,  
And wyth as paynfull diligence, dydst preache Gods truth among.  
No Tyrant, nor fierce lawes, coude make thee vs forsake:  
But in the myddst of ragyng stormes, wyth Gods Sayntes part dydst take.  
And synce thou hast well shrowde, whose seruaunt thou hast bene,  
In preaching and in writyng both, whych to Gods prayse is sene.  
But now who shall lament: or who may ioy now flee:  
Euen euery state from top to toe, both hygh and low degree.  
The poore may wayle hys myse, whych wyth both tounge and hand,  
Dyd well refreche theyr weary state, whych often they in stand.  
The ryche may mone wyth them, hys backyng voyce to want,  
That kept from them that karking beast, whych rycheesse dayly haunt.  
And though hys lyke yet lyue, and many suche there be:  
Yet shall we myse hym in our lyfe, and nombers more then he.  
But oh London, London, thou oughtest chiefe to wayle,  
The people suche, and byres great, may at hys want sore quayle.  
For twyse so many as there be, and myllions lyke to hym,  
Were not sufficient to drawe backe, thy people from theyr synne.  
But shall I betwe the thankes, whych in thee he hath got:  
Oh London, London, Sodome was, not so yll vnto Lot.  
His paynes deserued prayse, but some in thee hym gaue:  
Obprobrious woordes, and sclanders vyle, euen to hys bodys graue.  
But what for that they thus, haue bled hym so yll:  
Hys vertues were thereby more knowen, in spight of their yll wyll:  
And eke theyr lying blastes, are so layde in their face:  
That they may shame and weepe thereat, if they haue any grace.  
But now thou flocke and folde, whych he in lyfe dyd guyde:  
What cause hast thou to wayle hys want, and count thee wo besyde:  
Whych hadst a Shepheard good, that dyd hys duty ryght:  
In sauing Lammes from daunger neare, and helping Lammes to myght.  
From pasture vnto pasture, he dyd thee bryng to feede,  
And neuer ceased to make thee from sayth to sayth procede.  
There restes no more for you, hys paynes now to requite:  
But so to walke as he you taught, and speake of hym the ryght.  
And thou O England now, to ende and mone wyth theese:  
Lament thou mayst also wyth vs, a woorkeman thus to leese.  
Thy haruest is so great, and Laborers so fewe,  
Pea of those fewe some Loyterers, full yll them selues do shewe.  
And let vs here by take, a warning to vs all,  
That seing haruest is so great, and woorkemens number small:  
Our fruit must needes be lost, our selues to famishe brought,  
Our Land layde lyke a wyldernes, and brought at length to nought.  
But thou O Lorde and God, of this our haruest great,  
Spare thou our woorkemen, and more send, that labour wil with sweate.  
That as we mone for Iohn, en Viron ed by death,  
Thou wilt vs glad wyth many a Paule, enspirde with heauenly breath.

Finis.

Quod Iohn Awdely.

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Awdely, dwelling in lytle Britayne streete by great  
Saint Bartelmewes.

